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THE GOODMAN'S CROFT.

In Scotland, about two hundred years ago, there still lingered some traces of an ancient superstition of a curious kind. It consisted of the practice of keeping a certain field, out of those constituting a farm, consecrated to the potentate of the lower regions. This field was called the Goodman's Croft—a term evidently selected in the spirit of complaisance towards the personage in question, and therefore in conformity with the object in view, which confessedly was that of soothing a Power which men felt it was difficult to battle with. The Goodman's Croft, of course, remained untilled and unrequited, albeit perhaps the best piece of land in the district. There it was, in eternal fallow, covered thick with weeds, and necessarily a nuisance to the useful fields around it. Synods fulminated against thus cottoning to the enemy; special parsons used particular persuasives to get the practice abolished; but the Goodman's Croft was, nevertheless, maintained in many places till the time of the Civil War.

Absurd as the idea looks, we suspect it had some determinate foundation in our nature; for, look narrowly into the minds and habits of men, and you will scarcely fail to detect in every instance something of the character of a Goodman's Croft. Sometimes, it is a piece of the moral constitution abandoned to nettles, henbane, and deadly nightshade, while all the rest is kept under the most careful culture. Sometimes, it is a small district of folly in the midst of a somewhat rigorous rationality. Very often, you would think that the more sage and correct the man, the more decided is this strange exceptionality in his character. A fool or a scamp has a bad farm all over—weeds, broken fences, uneven ridges, and all the rest of it. But where the moral farm is generally good, there you see the one field of thorough inutility and devil-worship—the Goodman's Croft.

You find it in the clever man of business. To all appearance successful as well as active, he in his secret heart strains away towards some other pursuit, which, whether followed fully or partially, could never yield him a farthing. He perhaps struggles against the tendency, sensible of its absurdity, and disgusted with himself for giving way in the least to inclinations which he cannot avow before the world. But, generally, he is unable entirely to save himself from the besetting temptation, and at the best makes a sort of convention with himself, to be the judicious man of affairs for so much of the day, and the fantastic schemer, the bad artist, the unreadable rhymist, or whatever else it is, for the rest. Possibly, this apparently sharp-witted man of affairs indulges in a succession of aberrations.

We have known one who for years studied alchemy, and at another time was the dupe of a person who set forth claims to a dormant peerage, spending in both ways a large proportion of the income which he realised from his industrious mercantile career. You could not have in any way outwitted this gentleman on 'Change in matters of business; but he had one streak of whim in his composition, and this it was possible to work upon at private moments, to results of very serious consequence to himself.

You will find, again, an artist or an author who is equally liable to a temptation to desert his proper course, and with equally fatal results. Not many years ago, P—— was at the head of a particular branch of his profession as a landscape-painter. He could produce a capital picture in a week, and no picture he produced failed to find a purchaser at a good price. He might, in short, have realised a competency in a few years. In point of fact, he was, with his family, in constant poverty; and the reason was an irrepressible tendency to out-of-the-way mechanical contrivances. As a specimen of his conduct—an old umbrella having been left one day at his house, he set to work upon it, took it all to pieces, and out of the pieces produced in a few days a curious novelty in the way of mill-engineering, to the admiration of his little children, but the extreme distress of his wife, who saw, meanwhile, the easel deserted, and her larder empty.

So also it is not difficult to find an author of something like this description. He has been induced to write books of a certain kind, which he can execute well, and which, being useful to the public, are successful and remunerative. This is obviously the line in which Duty calls him to go, and he obeys the stern lady's behest to a certain extent. But all the time, taste or whim has established a literary Goodman's Croft in his mind. He has his tragedy, or his new system of physics (overturning Newton), or his History of the Lower Empire, demanding his attention. He would far rather be at one of these undesired works, which will never turn him in a penny, or bring him a single puff of the trump of Fame. So he goes to his legitimate task with reluctance, gives it little of the finer force of his mind, and hears of its success with indifference. He would rather spend twelve hard-working hours at the Goodman's Croft, than three at the proper business of the intellectual farm. With such difficulties from himself has the man of letters to contend, besides all those external ones of which the public have so often heard.

No philosopher is ever without his Goodman's Croft, in the form of some cherished fallacy or absurdity. Not even the men of highest reputation and most

venerated counsel are exempt from this law. One here and there may have the art to conceal it from all ordinary observation; but scan him closely, or wait for his demonstrations, and you will be sure, sooner or later, to get a glimpse of it. The fact is, they tire, like the vicar of Wakefield, of being always wise. *Semel insanivimus omnes*. Or it is not possible to maintain a vigilant guard over the judgment at all points; and so, while we are keeping out the flood at doors and windows, it finds its way in down the chimney. Perhaps, just the more deeply wise a man is in one direction, he is apt to be the more childishly simple in another; and thus it may come about that the public, in trusting to your dictum on a particular subject, because you have delivered yourself well on another, makes a great and dangerous mistake. We hardly know anything more perilous than to take confidential and uncorrected counsel from a philosopher on a point which chances to lie within the confines of his Goodman's Croft.

Does not all this look very much as if there were a primeval determination that there should be no perfect intellect, no unfailing *morale*? There is a tedium in excellence which forces us to seek a relief from it. Entire sagacity frightens and distresses us. It does, not do to keep the whole farm like a garden, without a weed, every bit of space turned to use. That was for the Garden of Eden alone. As human nature goes, it calls for a Goodman's Croft.

YOUNG RUSSIA.

The political character of the Russian Empire is much more Asiatic than European; we might even say, the Western elements of civilisation have been made use of in Muscovy, only to preserve Asiatic despotism from all those restraints which in the East form a check to the immense power of the sovereign. In Russia, just as in China, in Persia, or in Turkey, there is no hereditary nobility, which, from the weight of its influence on the people, might be worth consideration by the sovereign. The nobility is entirely dependent on the favour of the court: it is a bureaucracy, not a landed aristocracy. The Russian prince has no other political rank than that corresponding to the civil or military office he fills: if he holds no office, he is, politically, a cypher. Just as in China, Persia, and Turkey, there is no caste, no peculiar class of the nation enjoying particular political privileges that give them some share in the administration, or even permit to them the exercise of a passive resistance without violation of the law. Just as in the Mohammedan countries, a great proportion of the inhabitants are excluded from many civil rights. Thus the evidence of the serf in Russia is not accepted against the lord; he has not even the right of free locomotion; he is bound to the soil; he is not allowed to choose his own way of livelihood; he dares not even give education to his children, without the consent of his master. But in China, Persia, and Turkey, there is one controlling power, superior even to the will of the Emperor, Shah, or Sultan—the power of religion and of traditions. The shah and sultan have no legislative power; the Koran is the law-book, which cannot be set aside by the sovereign; nor has he even the right to interpret it according to his own will. Whatever may be his interpretation, it must be submitted to the chief-priest and the council of lawyers, whose decision alone (Fetra) can give it the power of law. The shah or sultan cannot even declare war or conclude peace, before stating the question to the Sheik-el-Islam (the religious chief), and receiving his approbation. But in Russia, the czar combines the civil and religious supremacy—the 'Holy Synod' has become an administrative bureau, presided over by a layman; in fact, by a colonel, the aid-de-camp of the emperor. Besides, there are no traditions, no legal precedents to regulate the administration. The will of the emperor is the supreme

law in every case; and even the judges of the supreme court must bow before a ukase of the czar, should any contending party be influential enough to obtain an order from the emperor to reverse their own sentence. The emperor, indeed, is more omnipotent than the English parliament, for his will is above both the common and statute law of the country. Herzen describes the legal position of his country in the following words:—

'It might appear strange that we applied the word *provisional* to the imperial administration; yet it expresses entirely the most striking character of the Russian government. Its institutions, its laws, its schemes, are evidently temporary and transient, without precise and definite form. It is not a conservative government, for it has nothing to conserve but its own material force, and the integrity of its territory. It began with the tyrannical destruction of the traditions, the laws, and the manners and customs of the country; and it continues to exist by a series of measures, one destroying the other, without acquiring stability or systematic rule. Every new reign brings into question the greater part of the rights and institutions. The government prohibits to-day what it ordered yesterday, and continually modifies, explains, abrogates the laws. The code published by Nicholas is the best evidence of that want of principle and unity in the imperial legislation. The code is a jumble of all the existing laws—of orders in council, of enactments and ukases, more or less contradictory, expressing much more the character of a particular sovereign, or the exigencies of the passing moment, than a spirit of rational legislation. The code of Czar Alexis is the foundation; the orders of Peter I., of quite a different tendency, are the continuation; and upon them are ingrafted laws of Catharine II., dictated in the spirit of Beccaria and Montesquieu, and orders of the day of Paul I., surpassing anything of the most absurd and arbitrary kind in the maddest edicts of Roman emperors. Since the Russian government has no historical root, it is not only not conservative, but it is enamoured of innovation. It leaves nothing at rest, and though it rarely improves, it always changes.'

Such being the character of the Russian government, it is quite clear that the individuality of the emperor, for the time being, supposing him to live for any considerable number of years, must influence the type of society, and the mould of intellect, to a degree equally unknown in Western Europe and in Asia. I do not mean to say that the czar has the power of moulding the character, and fashioning the thoughts, of his subjects; on the contrary, the result may be just the reverse of his wishes and plans, yet this result is always a natural consequence of his character. He may, of course, easily tinge society with the uniform varnish of French or German civilisation, just as his tendencies may lean to the one or the other; he may, by such a foreign tinge, destroy the connection between the bulk of the people—whom he cannot reach with his civilising varnish-brush—and the upper classes; he may then play off the serfs against the gentry, and the gentry against the serfs, in case either should be refractory; but he cannot command the march of intellect—he cannot accelerate, he cannot direct it. His custom-houses, his passport-system, and the difficulties thrown in the way of those who desire to visit foreign countries, cannot prevent the invasion of Russia by foreign ideas. He is able, indeed, to check their free development, but the compression only makes them the more powerful.

The necessary conflict between the soul-killing rule of a centralised bureaucracy and those Western ideas that cannot be kept out from the Russian Empire, introduces duplicity and deceit into the national character. From fear of the secret police, the Russian grows accustomed to hide his thoughts; his words are not the expression of his sentiments, but the reverse;

and if he surmises that he has betrayed his feelings, he is tempted, as the only means of self-preservation, to evince his loyalty by denouncing the incautious words of another. The majority of the higher classes, who do not like the mean pedantry of Russian official life, and whose feelings revolt at the idea of being teased for a score of years by some overbearing German superior, until they themselves rise to higher official rank, and are able to spend another score of years in tormenting their inferiors, throw themselves frantically into a life of dissipation. Egotism becomes the all-pervading feeling, since the rule of the czar has isolated the individual, and made all openness of soul and all confidential conversation nearly impossible. Men of generous character and of a noble ambition have no open field—they are the victims of government policy. Nearly all the heroes of the national novels are portraits of such superior men, who must perish, because they cannot struggle against the constitution of society. Their prototype is Eugene Onegin, the hero of Pushkin's poetical tale of the same name, the most popular of all the personages of Russian fiction. Herzen says of this character:—'Onegin is an idler, since he never had any serious occupation; a supernumerary in the sphere in which he is placed, without having the power and determination to step out of it. He is a man who tries everything in life down to death itself, and who would try that, in order to see whether it is not worth more than life. He has commenced everything, without pursuing anything; he has thought so much the more, that he has acted little; he is old at the age of twenty, and begins to grow younger through the agency of love when age creeps upon him. He has always waited for something, as we all have done; since nobody is foolish enough to believe in the stability of the present state of Russia. But nothing has happened, while life was passing away. The character of Onegin is so national, that it returns in every novel, and in all poetry that has had any success in Russia; and this, not because it was intentionally copied, but because we see it always around us, or feel it in ourselves. In fact, we are all Onegines, unless we choose to bury ourselves in a bureau or in a farm.'

'Civilisation leads us astray—it destroys us; it is civilisation which makes us a burden to others and to ourselves—a crowd of idlers, full of whims, and unfit for action. It is civilisation which drives us from eccentricity to debauchery, making us spend without regret our fortune, our heart, our youth, in seeking occupation and excitement for mere distraction. We do everything—we saturate ourselves with music, philosophy, love, war, or mysticism, only to forget the immense emptiness which oppresses us.'

'We receive a liberal education; the desires, tendencies, and sufferings of the contemporary world are imaged in our souls, and we are then told: Remain slaves, dumb and passive, or you are lost. For indemnification, we have the right of flaying the peasant, and of spending, in the gambling hell or the wine-house, the tax of blood and tears we wring from him.'

'The young man falls in with nothing which can fix his interest in this world of servility and low ambition; still, it is in such society he is doomed to live, since the people are still more distant from him. Society is at least composed of beings, however degraded, of his own stamp, whilst there is nothing in common between him and the people. The traditions have been broken by Peter I. so completely, that there is no human power to unite them again, at least at the present moment. There remains, therefore, nothing for a noble mind but isolation or struggle; and not having sufficient moral power for either, we become Onegines, if we do not perish by debauchery, or in the dungeons of a fortress. We have stolen a spark of civilisation, and Jupiter punishes us with the torments of Prometheus.'

The sickly and disheartening tone which pervades Russian literature, has filled the czar with disgust, and gives him the idea, that the civilisation of the West enervates his people, and makes them discontented; that it brings up coward conspirators and noisy demagogues, not men of action and energy. By degrees, therefore, he has changed the traditional policy introduced by Peter I. All the successors of that czar, especially Catharine II. and Alexander I., fostered the introduction of German and French culture; they treated Muscovite nationality with scorn, and opposed the outbreak of Graco-Russian fanaticism. Their aim was to be 'enlightened despots,' carrying on a patriarchal, paternal government, as mild and wise as that of any of the Western powers. They professed to be the friends of the wise men of Europe, and to adopt their liberal principles. Alexander even went so far as to acknowledge, in theory, the superiority of the constitutional form of government, and pleaded only the present low condition of his people in excuse for withholding from them a parliamentary representation. To engage the assent of England to his possession of Warsaw, he willingly granted a constitution to the Poles, and proudly pointed to Poland as to the forerunner in emancipation of Russia Proper. And those declarations were not altogether a tissue of falsehood. Catharine and Alexander really believed they were educating their people for freedom; for these sovereigns agreed with the theories of the Encyclopedists and the Doctrinaires; they had not yet come into collision with constitutionalism, and their authority was never hampered by the people. But Nicholas is a strong-headed, stiff-necked man, and the conspiracy of Pestal and Muravieff, which endangered his throne and life immediately upon his accession to power, gave him the first dislike to the ideas of the West. He quelled the outbreak in his capital by his courage and presence of mind; he destroyed the riotous regiments by grape in the streets of St Petersburg, and he appeared personally in the heat of the battle. His hatred against constitutionalism became soon apparent in Poland. The Diet was dissolved; the working of parliamentary government was first insidiously, then violently destroyed; and when the Poles, elated by the triumph of the French Revolution in 1830, rose in arms, he refused to enter into any negotiations with his rebel subjects; but defeating them after a severe contest, he banished those whom he could not trust. But so far from re-establishing the constitution, he even forfeited the Russian pledges of the treaties of 1815. He annexed the kingdom of Poland to the Russian Empire; whilst, according to the European compact of Vienna, it was to remain nationally separate from Russia, though subject to the czar. Thus he affronted all Europe; but England and France did not call him to account, either for the extension of his despotism, or for the infringement of treaties. His energy had triumphed over Russian conspiracy and Polish insurrection, and over the awe with which politicians looked upon the treaties of Vienna, as upon the basis of European international right. Can we wonder, therefore, that he despises constitutionalism and liberalism, and all the ideas of freedom that are held sacred in Western Europe? and that he believes that the effete nations of the West cannot be dangerous to him? He relies entirely upon his own raw energy, of which he gave a most appalling proof in 1831.

'Whilst the cholera was raging at St Petersburg,' says Count Gurovski, 'the lower classes in some way took it into their heads that the epidemic was generated by poison thrown into the wells by Poles. The rumour attained wide credence; and the peasants, to the number of some 80,000, rose, and wild with rage, paraded the streets, assassinating every foreigner they met. They assembled finally in the Place Siennaia, and with frightful cries of fury and drunkenness, menaced the

capital with rebellion. This was so much the more to be dreaded, as at the moment there were no troops at hand. While the riot was at its highest pitch, and the excitement most dangerous, the emperor was seen approaching, accompanied by a single aid-de-camp, and followed by hardly a hundred Cossacks. He moved on slowly and steadily, through the incensed mob, to the very centre of the insurrection, and there looking steadfastly around, with undaunted gaze, he cried, in tones of thunder: "Down upon your knees! Upon your knees ask pardon from your God—you must expect none from me!"

'The immense prestige which surrounded Nicholas at that time, combined with such an exhibition of daring, together with the effect of the mighty and sonorous voice, struck the insurgents with such awe that they with one accord knelt down, and offered no resistance, while a few of the Cossacks seized and bound many of their number, and flung them like so many animals into boats, by which they were transported no one knows whither. The rest dispersed in terror, and the rebellion was quelled as if by enchantment.

'Did the sovereign in this moment of success draw any instructive lesson from that scene? Did he learn that masses may be governed by moral power as well as by brute force? Not at all. On the contrary, he drew the conclusion that they must always be ruled by terror; and the idea remained as strange to his mind as before, that if his people were still in their infancy, and the chastisement of the rod therefore sometimes necessary, it was his imperative duty, as a father, to make that childhood as happy as possible. He has spent this mighty energy of character in theatrical shows, never employing it against monstrous abuses, or in giving a moral and economical tendency to his administration. He has rather played with his power than laboured with it for the accomplishment of grand and beneficent ends. Thus history will speak of one as a great actor, who might have been a great man but for the want of a true understanding of the idea of good.

'Yet his conduct on the occasion referred to was the finest act of his life, when seen from his own point of view; it aroused the enthusiasm of all who beheld it, even my own—and I feel rather reluctant to confess enthusiasm upon such a subject. I must admit that I was struck with admiration—a confession I make the more willingly, as it may seem to attest my impartiality when I act the part of the Slave in the train of the triumphant Cæsar, crying "Cæsar, thou art but a man!" The desire to be accurate in my sketches, forces me to bring into juxtaposition with the above anecdote one of an opposite character—the reverse of the medal.

'On one occasion, the emperor's frowns and the contracted muscles of his face announced an approaching outbreak. No cloud of sedition had risen above the political horizon, no sign of public tumult appeared, and Prince Dolgorowsky, descended from the princely house which founded the city of Moscow, who was with him, anxiously awaited the thunderbolt of the imperial ire. "What is that?" cried the czar to the prince in the awful tones of the Place St. Pierre, as he pointed to a spot upon the table-cloth! The prince remained silent, and was respectfully retiring, when the emperor, as little touched by the respectful submission of the courtier, as he was formerly by that of the peasants, kicked him—him the *grand écuyer* of the court, the most important personage of his suite, and one of the first dignitaries of the empire!

From the time of the Polish war, he met no more with any serious resistance, either at home or with foreign powers. He could, therefore, for a score of years, pursue his policy undisturbed by the policy of the West, which saw in him the protector of stability, and of the monarchical principle. His home-policy was, to wean Russia from Europe, to make her

independent of Western ideas and Western civilisation. The ties of faith connected a considerable portion of his subjects with Rome and Germany; he, therefore, unmercifully and unrelentingly oppressed Roman Catholicism in Poland, and Protestantism in the Baltic provinces. The peasants were allured to the Eastern Church by promises of emancipation; the higher classes, by promises of court favour. Religious toleration, which, under the Empress Catharine and Czar Alexander, was one of the leading principles of Russia, gave place to the most shameless system of proselytism. The Protestant missionaries were expelled; the United Greeks, mostly White Russians, were forced by violence to renounce their spiritual allegiance to the pope; and orthodox colonies were sent into Poland, where the confiscated estates of the Roman Catholic nobility, implicated in the revolution of 1831, were conferred upon Russian generals. But even the few Germans who, in this way, had become Polish landed proprietors, had to pledge themselves to bring up their children in the bosom of the Eastern Church. By and by, the German element in bureaucracy was discarded, and Muscovites obtained the command in the army and in the chief offices. At court, the Russian language supplanted the French, by command of the czar, although he himself never was able to learn it correctly enough to write it. The permission to visit foreign countries was restricted to the high aristocracy; difficulties were thrown in the way of foreigners, in order to deter them from travelling in Russia, the interior of which became soon as difficult to penetrate as the interior of China. Nicholas, indeed, has in many respects adopted the policy of China; not for defence, however, but for aggression.

In the character of Czar Alexander, there was an unmistakable vein of religious mysticism; with Nicholas, it has become glowing fanaticism. Immense and uncontrolled power has always had a tendency to madden the men who hold it. Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, Commodus, Caracalla, all of whom began their career honourably, are instances of this fact, which obtains a new confirmation from the lives of the Russian emperors. The great misfortunes of Alexander, by humbling his mind, saved him from insanity; but the uncommon prosperity and good-fortune of Nicholas have overpowered his self-control. He earnestly believes himself to be the chosen engine of Providence for maintaining the divine right of kings, and for extending the orthodox faith. Western Europe—according to him, a prey to infidelity—must be saved by him. For Protestantism, he has no respect: it is only a different form of infidelity, which cannot impart firm faith. He judges thus from experience. During his own life, his family has been allied by marriage to Protestant princesses of Wurtemberg, Prussia, Saxecoburg, Saxe-Weimar, Mecklenburg, and Hesse; and not one of those princesses, virtuous as they otherwise are in their private life, could resist the bribe in the form of the hand of a Russian grand-duke. They have all abjured their religion without reluctance: not one of the Protestant princesses of Germany has ever refused a Russian grand-duke, although she knew that she had not only to profess a different creed, but solemnly to accuse the faith in which she was brought up, and in which, under other circumstances, she would have died. Hence Nicholas despises Protestantism just as much as he hates Roman Catholicism. According to him, the Russian Church alone, of which he is the chief, leads to salvation, and preserves the people from revolution, since it inculcates veneration of the czar next to the worship of God. The last ten years have increased his religious fanaticism to the utmost. Religion is for him no longer a tool of despotism—he believes in his divine calling as viceroy of the Almighty on earth; he prostrates himself with real devotion before the shrines, and kisses the images

of the 'mother of God' with unfeigned fervour. His language becomes scriptural; and when, in his late manifestoes, he appeals to God in the words of the Psalms, it is not an artifice for raising the spirit of the people—it is really the expression of his faith.

Still, he has not been able to inspire the higher classes with the same fanaticism. That they do not understand it, is because they do not feel it. It is the unhaven classes, not yet tainted by French and German ideas, who respond to the fanatical appeals of the czar. They hate Western civilisation, because they hate its representatives—the landed gentry, and the government officials; the emperor, they think, is to destroy the whole work of a hundred and fifty years, and to return to the old Muscovite policy, abandoned by Peter and his successors. It is, therefore, with frantic enthusiasm they hear that their czar is standing up to fight the war of the double Cross against the Crescent—the latter supported by schismatic Rome, and infidel France and England. The present war becomes, therefore, a holy war for them; and whatever may be its issue, it will remain a great landmark in the history of Russian civilisation. The old Muscovite spirit, compressed for a hundred and fifty years, is now roused against the influence of Western ideas. It would be strange to expect that such a struggle could last but for a short time, and pass over without changing the face of Russia.

THE LAST OF THE QUESADAS.

It may be that the domestic life of Spain is, in the aggregate, as civilised and commonplace as that of Great Britain; but certain it is that incidents therein are not unfrequently brought to light which more resemble creations of the Radcliffe school of novelists, than the sober realities of the actual world. Of this kind is the recent story of Garcilas de Quesada, a young Catalan gentleman, which, in its material parts, has been judicially verified before the Spanish tribunals.

Garcilas de Quesada was, it seems, the sole surviving representative of a long line of ancestors, whose historic glories reached as far back as the days of Pelayo, and the first efforts to rescue Spain from the Moslem yoke, originating under that renowned leader, in the Montañas de Asturias, of which birthplace of Spanish independence the founders of the Quesada family were natives. Unfortunately, the heritage bequeathed the last of the race by eleven hundred years of glory, consisted of little more than the intense family pride engendered by those historic centuries, and an ancient castle, near Cardoña, in Catalonia, which time and violence had reduced to pretty much the condition of its owner—that of a gloomy, repellent ruin. The naturally arrogant disposition of the young man was fostered and inflamed by the teachings of his mother, who died a few months after he attained his majority; and it was said to have been early determined between them, that unless the young Garcilas could espouse wealth in his own rank, the superb line of the Quesadas should end with him, whilst yet unmingled with and uncontaminated by the common yarn of plebeian life. This preposterous arrogance gave birth, after a time, to an immitigable hatred of one particular person; chiefly, in the first instance, because of the afflicting illustration which the position of that person afforded of the wiser course pursued by his family, the De Velascos, who, in the matter of patrician pretence, might have held their heads as high as the De Quesadas.

José de Velasco, on succeeding to his inheritance, having found himself, like many other Spanish hidalgos, and even grandes of modern times, without the means of supporting his hereditary rank, at once resolutely brushed aside the cobweb prejudices that would have barred his path to fortune through the avenue of trade, and engaged, with remarkable energy, in the

salt manufacture, carried on in that part of Spain. Success rewarded his exertions, and its visible signs deepened, by contrast, the gloomy aspect of decay and ruin presented by the formerly rival family of the Quesadas. The ancestral mansion, once in as dilapidated a condition as the hereditary De Quesada 'castle,' was thoroughly restored, furnished, and decorated; the menial establishment, which had dwindled to two or three ill-paid, ill-clad servitors, was recruited up to a handsome complement; Señor Velasco's children—he had dropped the *Don* and the *De*—were carefully educated; and when his son, Alonzo, returned home in 1847 from the university of Toledo, he was pronounced by general consent to be the handsomest, best-dressed, best-mounted, and altogether the most generous and accomplished caballero of the neighbourhood for many miles around. For this young man, Garcilas de Quesada conceived from the first a violent dislike, which, the passing years bringing increased sunshine and splendour to the Velascos, and only clouds and gloom for him, exasperated to the deadliest hate. It was also said, that De Quesada had been for a time shaken in his resolve of perpetual celibacy, except under the before-named conditions, by the charms, personal and pecuniary, of Teresa Velasco, and that he attributed the repulse that had met his condescending advances towards a *mésalliance*, as he deemed it, with a family whose head had degraded its escutcheon by stooping to the status of a salt-contractor—to the opposition of the young lady's brother; his personal pride causing him, no doubt, to ignore the possibility of Teresa Velasco's declining the honour of his hand by her own choice. Some heedless expressions reported to have been made use of by Alonzo, relative to the moth-eaten dignity and poverty-stricken pride of his sister's rejected suitor, confirmed this impression, and led, moreover, to a duel with swords, in which Garcilas de Quesada was worsted, and owed his life to the forbearance of his triumphant adversary.

For about three years after this, no further intercourse took place between the young men, Garcilas de Quesada during that period being rarely seen out of his crumbling castle, where he dwelt in idle seclusion, his sole attendant one Gil Polo, who was born, bred, wedded, widowed, and hoped to die and be buried within the now much circumscribed precincts of the domain. At length, in the early part of 1850, when in his thirtieth year, a circumstance occurred which drew him forth once more into the thinly scattered society of the neighbourhood. This was a confident rumour of the approaching marriage of Alonzo Velasco with Isabella Riogos, a lady he had met with in Madrid, and to whom, as being neither distinguished for wealth nor birth, the elder Velasco and his wife had strongly objected, till subdued into acquiescence by the passionate solicitations of their son, who loved the beautiful Andalusian with a fervour remarkable even in the love-disposing clime of Spain. It was, as the sequel proved, the knowledge of this fact which determined and hastened De Quesada's reappearance in the tiny world which circled his solitude. He was kindly received by the Velascos, who, indeed, had never borne him serious ill-will; and had it been otherwise, his changed appearance, indicative not only of feeble health, but in the gray-sprinkled hair and stooping form, of premature old age, must, in generous minds, have converted any adverse feeling into kindness and compassion for one so early and untimely wrecked in the voyage of life. Isabella Riogos had arrived at Cardoña, on a visit to a relative, before the parental obstacle opposed to her union with Alonzo Velasco had been removed, and there it was since settled she should remain till the magic power of the wedding-ceremonial entitled her to a permanent home in the comparatively splendid abode of the Velascos. Garcilas de Quesada met her

there frequently in the interim; and although he could not avoid being struck with her singular loveliness, he paid her, it was afterwards remembered, but scant attention except when Alonzo was present, and then, as it seemed, merely by way of complimentary admiration of the enchanted lover's choice and taste. He and Alonzo Velasco soon became exceedingly intimate—so much so, that De Quesada consented to officiate as the bride's father at the marriage, which, it was arranged, should take place on the 12th of May 1850.

The bridal-day was distant only about a week, when thunder fell from the brilliant, unclouded sky. The Velasco family, the Lady Isabella Riosgos, Garcilas de Quesada, who had joined them about half an hour previously, Dr Zorilla of Cardoña, and other friends, were enjoying themselves *al fresco* in front of the family mansion, with song and dance, when Alonzo's horse galloped up to the gate, covered with foam, panting with exertion, and *ridersless*! The alarm and commotion were instant and intense. Alonzo, who had set out early in the morning to transact some business for his father at a salt-establishment near the Albufera de Valencia, had been expected to return several hours before, and it was now, of course, apprehended that some terrible accident had befallen him. But a few minutes had elapsed ere Señor Velasco, Garcilas de Quesada, Dr Zorilla, and several other gentlemen, rode off in anxious quest of the missing horseman; but the morning dawned upon their fruitless search, no tidings whatever having been obtained of the unfortunate cavalier, except that he had left the salt-works in time to have reached his home at least two hours before his horse arrived there. Quesada's house or castle was about a league distant from the residence of the Velascos, and not far out of the track the searching-party had been vainly exploring; and he proposed that they should rest there awhile before resuming their inquiries. The invitation was accepted the more readily by the grief-bowed father and his friend Dr Zorilla, that neither could divest himself of a haunting suspicion that Alonzo had met with foul play at the hands of De Quesada. Nothing, however, was observed in that gentleman's dreary abode, nor in the stolid, careless aspect and demeanour of its only other habitant, Gil Polo, to strengthen that suspicion. De Quesada himself appeared to be much and naturally affected by the distressing catastrophe; and before long, it was generally concluded that the young Velasco, though an excellent rider, must have been thrown from his horse, and hurled down one of the narrow and unfathomable fissures of the Sierra over which he was passing. For, after all, argued the Velascos with their more intimate friends, and notably with Dr Zorilla, what adequate motive could there be to prompt a man, himself apparently on the verge of the grave, to the commission of so foul a crime? There was no question now of the hand of Teresa Velasco, who had been long since married, and settled in a distant part of Spain; De Quesada was not in love, it was quite clear, with Isabella Riosgos; and it was surely hardly credible that the slight quarrel which had occurred three years previously, could still rankle with such deadly power in his breast as to urge him to avenge the fancied wrong or insult he had sustained by murder!

This reasoning was scarcely satisfactory, especially to Dr Zorilla, who thought he could read De Quesada's mind and disposition much more accurately than the others; but days, weeks, months passed away without throwing the faintest light upon the matter, till near the middle of October, when a strange freak of De Quesada's, viewed in connection with subsequent information, revived, and in some degree gave form and colour, to the strong though undefined suspicions of the Velasco family—with whom, by the way, Isabella Riosgos had, since the mysterious disappearance of her

affiliated lover, constantly resided. Garcilas de Quesada, who had shrunk back to his former gloomy seclusion, all at once startled his neighbours by issuing numerous invitations to a grand *gala*, to be held at his residence on the 17th of October, in celebration of the inviter's thirtieth birthday. The Velascos excused themselves; but the invitation was accepted by a considerable number of persons, who reported that the festival had been a joyous one—had gone off with much éclat, and must have cost the giver at least a half-year's revenue. This unaccountable extravagance on the part of an impoverished and dying man would perhaps only have lived in the gossip of a few brief days, but for the receipt of a letter from an acquaintance at Madrid, enclosing a paragraph, dated about a fortnight before, and cut out of the *Heraldo* newspaper of that city, which set forth in stately terms, that the for some time contemplated marriage between Don Garcilas de Quesada and the beautiful Señora Isabella Riosgos, would, it had been decided, be celebrated on the 17th of October! The lady's correspondent added, that several paragraphs, to which she had given no credence, had previously appeared in the same paper, hinting, not at all obscurely, to persons acquainted with the parties, at the probability of the event at last positively announced. The writer was desirous of ascertaining if the statement enclosed—a very surprising one to her—was correct; and if so, she of course congratulated her charming friend upon the alliance she had contracted, all the more cordially, if the paper was also right in stating, that Don Garcilas had lately succeeded to a large property, and had quite recovered his health.

A tumult of wild conjecture, doubt, and apprehension arose in the minds of those to whom the letter was read; and one suggestion, half hinted by the Lady Isabella, and grounded upon the coincidence of the day of marriage named by the *Heraldo* with that of the *gala* given by De Quesada, struck them all as at once so likely and so terrible, that Señor Velasco's first fiery impulse was to set forth immediately and procure judicial assistance, to break into and ransack the suspected residence. A few moments of calmer reflection, however, sufficed to shew him that he had no tangible grounds, or at least none that the law would hold valid, for preferring such an accusation against De Quesada, whose shield of nobility, rusted and worm-eaten as it might be, still presented in Spain a strong defence against any but the weightiest charges and the clearest proofs.

The family were still anxiously pondering the most advisable course of action, when Dr Zorilla was announced. Before the new-comer, who appeared much excited, could open his mouth, the letter which had created such a panic was thrust into his hand, and his opinion thereon eagerly requested. Dr Zorilla's agitation visibly increased as he read; and he had no sooner concluded his hasty perusal of the important missive and enclosure, than he exclaimed: 'This but confirms my apprehensions; and I have to inform you, that whatever guilty knowledge Garcilas de Quesada may possess relative to your son's death or captivity, will in a few days be buried with him in the grave. He burst a blood-vessel in the lungs on the night, I am told, of his grand *gala*,' continued the doctor, breaking in upon the clamour of surprise which arose from his auditors; 'but I was not called in till this morning, when I at once informed him, that nothing short of a miracle could prolong his life beyond twenty-four hours. His pallid features,' added Señor Zorilla, 'flushed hotly, with a sort of fierce dismay as I spoke; and after a few moments of dumb bewilderment, he said in a faint struggling voice: "If that be so, I must bear my doom as I best may. In the meantime, do you, doctor, send me the strengthening cordial you spoke of as quickly as possible, and return yourself as early in the evening as you can." I obeyed him in

both particulars; and when I again saw him, found that he was sinking more rapidly than I had anticipated. It seemed to me,' added Dr Zorilla, speaking with slow and significant emphasis—'it seemed to me, judging by his strangely excited manner and a few incoherent words he muttered, that he had in the brief interval since I left him finally accomplished some great purpose—perhaps if I said *great crime* I should be nearer the truth.'

'Santa Maria!' exclaimed Señor Velasco, 'what terrible meaning is shrouded in your words?'

'He is now entirely alone,' continued Dr Zorilla, with the same significance and solemnity of tone and manner, 'having, which is not the least curious part of the affair, just sent off Gil Polo to execute a trifling commission at a distance of some twenty leagues; and he has requested me to bring him, without delay, a monk in priest's orders from the convent of Los Apostoles, to whom, under the sacred and impenetrable seal of confession, he will doubtless reveal, for his soul's health, what we are all so anxious to be informed of. I need hardly go so far as Los Apostoles,' added the physician with slow, emphatic emphasis, 'for what with the moribund's fading sight, the gloom of the death-chamber at this hour of the evening, and myself being the only attendant, the Señor Velasco himself might officiate as confessor without fear of detection.'

'Heaven forbid!' exclaimed Señor Velasco, crossing himself, and sternly regarding the tempter, who, having served in the French army during the war of independence, was suspected to be something of a heretic, or an *esprit fort*—'Heaven forbid that I should commit such sacrilege! But it occurs to me that Gil Polo, who, I suspect, will not else be seen in this neighbourhood again, ought to be secured.'

Dr Zorilla readily approved of this suggestion, and remarked that it would be as well to bring him at once into the presence of his master; 'for be sure, Señor Velasco,' added the physician, 'that if you ever obtain a clue to the fate of your son, you will do so this night.'

The conference immediately broke up; Señor Velasco, followed by his wife and daughters, hurrying off to arrange for the instant pursuit of Gil Polo: Isabella Riosos accompanied the physician. 'You, lady, I perceived by the flashing of your eye just now,' said Dr Zorilla in a low voice as they passed along the corridor, 'do not, although a devout Catholic, deem it sacrilege to further the justice of God?'

'I do not,' replied Isabella Riosos, 'especially as it is possible I may discover that—that—I hardly dare breathe the hope that trembles at my heart.'

'That you may discover,' said the physician, 'if you have firmness enough to stifle all emotion that may betray you till you have heard De Quesada's confession to the end—that Alonzo yet lives, and how he may be restored to the world and you? That is a quite possible result—mind, I say possible only, for I have strong misgivings. Still, if you are the brave girl you appeared to be a few minutes since, you will not shrink from the venture.'

'I will not shrink,' responded Isabella Riosos; 'and adamant shall not be firmer than I, till all is revealed. But pray,' she added quickly, 'step into the courtyard, and request Señor Velasco to bring a true priest with him to the castle. We shall either have failed or succeeded by that time, and De Quesada's soul must not flit unshriven to judgment.'

Dr Zorilla smiled, but performed her bidding; and they were soon on their way to the presence of the dying man, the physician silently determining for his part to try what effect a threat of the *garrotte*, coupled with a knowledge of who had been confessing his master, might have upon Gil Polo.

But for the pale, uncertain starlight which served to define the shadows of the cumbersome furniture of the

apartment in which Garcilas de Quesada was breathing out his last of life, and the white face of the dying man himself, Dr Zorilla and his companion would have had no other guidance than the faint voice of the sufferer to his bedside. 'The glare of a lamp,' said the doctor in a sufficiently loud voice, 'would pain the eyes of my patient, and your mission, reverend father, does not fortunately require one. When you require my attendance, be pleased to ring the sonata on the table at your elbow.' He then left the room, and descended the stone stairs with a sounding step, as if to assure the penitent that he was alone with his confessor.

The dying man did not speak, and the impatient listener repeated the first words of the *Confiteor*, as a suggestive invitation to commence. 'True—true,' muttered De Quesada, 'the purpose for which you are here, reverend father, admits of no delay. "*Confiteor Deo omnipotenti*"— Ah, it is long since I repeated those words. "*Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beata*"— Memory is failing me as well as sight. Do you, father, say the words, and I will repeat them after you.'

This was done, and the confession went brokenly on. After relating much that the reader is already aware of, relative to the insane hatred he bore Alonzo Velasco, he said that his burning thirst for vengeance during the three years he had feared it to be unattainable, had, he now felt, dried up the fountains of his life. 'Mine was not,' he continued hurriedly, 'a hatred that the mere compassing his death would satisfy. I panted to inflict a far direr vengeance than that; and his unbounded love of the beautiful Isabella Riosos at last afforded me the means— You start with horror, reverend father, at this avowal, and it is nothing compared with what remains to tell. Yet Holy Church can, we know, at the last moment, if the confession is unreserved—the penitence— Ah, what means that noise?'

The lady's quicker ear had caught the sound distinctly: it was her father's voice in contention with some one—Gil Polo probably. It ceased almost instantly; and De Quesada proceeded, but with a hurried incoherence which shewed that partial delirium already affected his brain. 'Yes—yes, as I told you, I invited Alonzo Velasco to leave the road, and rest here awhile. He little suspected the potency of the pleasant wine he drank, nor how, when he awoke long hours afterwards, it had come to pass that he had exchanged the bridal-chamber he had dreamed of for a stone dungeon—that he was bound in stronger fetters than his lady's arms.'

'Does he yet live?' burst from Isabella's lips in a tone which startled the dull ear of the dying man, and he strove to raise himself in bed, but failed to do so. 'Live!—live!' he muttered, falling helplessly back upon the pillow; 'yes, to be sure—at least he did a few hours ago—where Gil Polo and I know, and we alone. I would tell you, but that it grows colder—darker—colder.' The voice ceased, and Isabella eagerly applied a cordial Dr Zorilla had furnished her with, to the lips of the expiring wretch. It revived him, and after a few moments, he faintly resumed: 'You could hardly believe, reverend father, that the newspapers Gil Polo took him to read should have plunged him into such agonies of rage. The *Heraldo*, I had contrived, should say that I was about to marry the beautiful Isabella. He seemed at times to have gone permanently distracted—mad; I, unobserved, looking on delightedly the while. Ha! ha! that, if you like, was revenge! What was I saying?—I have it. He began to doubt the truth of the newspaper paragraphs—to hope, almost believe, they were inventions; and then it was I played the master-stroke. The newspaper announced our marriage—*our marriage!*—Isabella Riosos' and mine; and I took care that the rejoicing revelry should convince him that it announced the

truth. Father, his fury was sublime in its wild extravagance, especially, oh! especially when, at the chime of midnight, the loud music played the bridal-air you wot of appropriate to the departure of the wedding-guests. He leaped, danced, raged, and I, too,' continued De Quesada, with kindling animation, 'I too leaped, danced, raged, with sympathetic delirium, till my senses utterly failed me, and I reeled and fell down a flight of steps, bursting a blood-vessel, which at once destroyed the feeble hope I had till that moment entertained of prolonged life.'

'Wretch! fiend!' shouted Isabella Riogos, unable to control her emotions, which was of the less consequence as De Quesada relapsed immediately he ceased speaking into partial insensibility. 'Yet answer—does he live?—or are you in deed as well as in thought a murderer?'

'A murderer!' faintly murmured Quesada; 'why, yes, if the poison I poured into his water to-day can kill'—

The lady's convulsive scream was echoed by the loud voices of several persons hastily ascending the stair. Presently, the door was flung violently open, and gave to view a spectacle so startling as to cause De Quesada to spring up in his couch with renewed life. 'Alive!' he gasped—'alive!' as his fascinated glare rested upon the attenuated, corpse-like features of Alonzo Velasco, visible in the light of the torches held aloft by his father and Dr Zorilla.

'Yes, alive!' fiercely responded Zorilla: 'the pretended poison this fellow, Gil Polo, procured you, was, luckily for his neck, as innocent as water; and'—

'Silence!' interrupted the priest brought by Señor Velasco, as he stepped forward and elevated a wooden crucifix before De Quesada: 'an immortal soul is passing. Look upon this emblem of the Eternal's mercy,' he added, addressing the expiring sinner, 'and breathe—think of but one prayer to God.' A gleam of intelligence seemed to flash from De Quesada's darkening eyes, and a half smile parted his lips: the next moment he had fallen back upon the pillow—dead!

THE RADICAL MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

The radical member of society, unlike his namesake of the senate, is a very unobtrusive personage. He was made before Adam, and his race has been multiplying on the face of the earth ever since the creation; yet, two centuries ago, men had but just become acquainted with the fact of his presence among them. He dwells familiarly in the midst of us, and yet ninety-nine in every hundred of us go down to our graves without knowing that he is there. He is essential, too, to our being. We cannot do without him, even for an instant. He ministers to our physical wants, renders himself subservient to our enjoyments, and even charges himself with the superintendence of our mental operations. Simple in his habits, and humble in his bearing, he is, nevertheless, a mighty potentate in his way. If the Emperor of All the Russias were to prove his fitness to sit in a high place, by blowing a generation of his fellow-men into dust, our little patient friend would quietly ply his craft, and by the time the autocrat had joined the smoke of his own explosion, and had become ashes with ashes, a new generation of living human forms would fill the vacant place.

The radical member of society is not given to the adornment of his person with factitious decoration, neither does he stand six feet without his boots. This, indeed, is why he is so commonly overlooked, even when in the act of rendering important service to the state. If the truth must be told, he is but a pigmy in stature—so small, indeed, that unless when he chances to have outgrown the ordinary standard of his race, he cannot be discerned by unaided human eyes. He is, in fact, *microscopical* as well as radical. Until the ingenious Robert Hooke had put his apparatus of

magnifying lenses together, to 'pry into all things'—as it has been *judicially*, but not very reverentially expressed—it was not possible that he should be seen. So minute are his dimensions, that a clever hand might put a million of his little bodies to bed side by side upon the face of a shilling. As many as twenty millions, indeed, have been known to be comfortably accommodated within the same area, when the individuals happened to be only dwarf specimens of the race.

The radical member of society has been planned with a view to convenient package, as well as to fitness for active work; hence he is without any kind of awkward incumbrance. He has neither arms, legs, nor head: he is all body, and this body is generally as compact as a dumpling; so that it may be rolled freely about when engaged in locomotive operations, or, even when not so employed, be stored up, as Dutch cheeses are packed away in cellars. He is, nevertheless, very cunningly and beautifully made. His compact body is composed of an exquisitely delicate film of skin, covering a reservoir of rich liquid. Sometimes this skin is defended by a rigid coat-of-mail, spread over it externally; at other times, it is strengthened by a stout lining attached to the inside. In either case, the radical fact, nevertheless, still remains—that our radical friend is a *little bladder* full of fluid. On this account, he has been named by scientific sponsors a *vesicle*, and very appropriate is the denomination: *vesicula* is the Latin word for a little bladder. Many people prefer to speak of the subject of our consideration as a *cell*: *cella* is a chamber where valuables may be stored away. A cellar, for instance, is a place where we pack our wine; but a cellar may be a hole hollowed out in the ground, or it may be a structure built up of walls. Now, our friend is not a hollow space, excavated in a lump of continuous substance: he is really a structure made of walls that have been built up regularly of smaller parts. In each of the twenty millions of bodies that can repose together upon a shilling, there are myriads of little atoms, as they are termed, fixed and fitted together, as bricks are fitted in common buildings. When our vesicle is strengthened and stiffened by outer coatings, or thickened by inner deposits, it may be convenient to speak of it as a cell; but the term must then be understood to comprise both the walls and contents, as well as the chamber or cavity in which the latter are held.

But a bladder is no person: it is only a thing; hence it may be urged we have not at present established any good and sufficient ground for speaking of our vesicular acquaintance in the language we have employed. Our answer is, that we have yet more to tell. The object of our allusions is really a *living* vesicle, and has an absolute personal individuality of its own. He grows from infantile into mature age, arranges the matters of his own internal economy, transacts his own business, and even brings up a family, and manages to get his descendants off in the world at an appropriate time. To make all this as evident to our readers as it is to ourselves, we will drop in upon our friend in one of his favourite places of resort, and spy out his doings by means of our microscope. We need entertain no scruples in committing the act of espial, for he will be altogether unconscious of our operations: he has no telescope to turn upon us.

In pools of still water—especially if on open moory ground—a layer of greenish, half-fluid, cloudy-looking substance nearly always collects at the bottom. If a portion of this be carefully raised by the hand, or by a net of fine muslin insinuated along the mud beneath, and be then examined by the microscope, it will be found that it is occupied by swarms of minute objects, possessing an immense variety of appearance, and yet agreeing together in certain essential particulars. Some look like little balls; others are elliptical or boat-shaped; others cylindrical, quadrangular, or even

triangular. Some resemble flat circular disks, and are covered by symmetrical patterns worked in lines and dots. Many are beautiful crescents, or yet more graceful spindles, lengthened out and bent opposite ways at the extremities, with a sort of sigmoid curve. All of them are, however, hollow cases of thin membrane, and contain inside a clear liquid, in which numerous small granular specks, often of a bright green colour, float. Now, if some of these curious objects be carefully watched for a little time, it will be noticed that they do not remain altogether stationary where they have been placed; all at once, they get restless, and advance by a series of little jerking starts in one direction—then they stop, and return upon their previous course with the same halting gait. Occasionally, some very brisk individual of the community will, in this fashion, make a journey an inch long in a few minutes: the more circumspect travellers take a day to accomplish the same distance.

But if the observation be carried on for a sufficient length of time, it will be seen that these fitful creatures grow as well as move. They get larger and larger, in some cases by puffing out their sides; in others, by extending their length. All the while this is going on, a strange commotion is taking place in their insides: legions of granular specks hurry now this way and now that, until at length a result of all the bustle begins to appear. A thin partition commences to form all round the inside of the case, and creeps onward, step by step, until at last it has divided the original chamber into two perfectly isolated parts. The partition then thickens, and finally splits into two distinct layers, of which the one attaches itself to one cavity, and the other to its neighbour; and thus the case itself tumbles into halves. Each half then grows, until it attains the mature dimensions of the parent, and after this deposits its partitions, and falls to pieces; and so, individual after individual, and generation after generation, are formed.

These little multiplying vesicles—for such the bodies are—acquire the substance that is used in the augmentation of their own dimensions, and in the formation of their partitions, from the liquid in which they are immersed. There are no perceptible openings in their delicate membranous walls; but those walls are, nevertheless, full of inconceivably minute pores, through which liquids can slowly infiltrate. Water will not run through a piece of bladder; but the bladder will, notwithstanding this, soak water up into its substance, and get thoroughly wet throughout. Under this soaking power, if sirup be tied up in a bladder, and the bladder be tossed into a pail of pure water, the water will be drunk in and mingled with the sirup, rendering it thinner and more dilute in consequence of the admixture. Just in the same way, the living vesicles under consideration imbibe the thin fluids in which they float, and mingle the same with the thick rich matters they contain within. They then select from the imbibed fluid, principles that are useful for their constructive work, and reject the rest. This is what the restless movements of the granular specks alluded to above mean. Those little floating masses are necessarily carried to and fro by the arriving and departing currents. In this way, then, our radical member manages to feed himself without either head or hands. He is mouthless all over his skin, and is always swimming about in a reservoir of nutritious liquid, which he can appropriate at need.

Every vesicle that falls under observation is not, however, equally fortunate in this respect. Some of the little flattened or lengthened cells have their skins defended by large impervious horny plates, or by flinty shields and mail-pieces applied closely to their external surfaces. These uncovered spaces, for purposes of imbibition, are only left along the margins of the plates, or under holes bored through their dense substance.

When this is the case, it occasionally chances that the inseting or outflowing current of liquid becomes so strong in one direction, that the light vesicle is suddenly pushed before it, just as it has been recently proposed to propel steam-boats by jetting water out from pipes, instead of by the revolution of paddle-wheels and threaded screws. The jerking movements of these rudimentary vesicles are now generally conceived to be, not properly locomotive acts, but simply hints of this nature thrown out to our mechanicians, to shew them how to set about their work.

Microscopic living cells of this kind do not dwell in placid pools alone; they love the fresh water which is still and clear to the bottom, and that allows the genial sunshine to penetrate to its utmost depths. But they also abound in all moist situations: they cover the surface of rocks in the sea; they cling to the submerged parts of aquatic plants, both marine and fresh; they cluster in ditches; and wherever running-streams lag by the way, they assemble in crowds. In every trough or cistern where water is allowed to stand, their presence may be easily detected by skilful seekers. Scientific men have called these omnipresent multitudes of self-multipliers by the name of *diatoms*, the epithet being a reflection upon their origin—the word is taken from two Greek terms that signify 'cut through.' Some of the microscopic community that possess angular forms, shew a little inclination to cling together by their corners; these are especially classed as *desmidiæ*, a word derived from the Greek for a chain.

There is one curious fact regarding the constitution of the true diatoms: so soon as their delicate membranes are fully formed, and freely exposed to the influence of the water in which they float, they collect from that fluid minute particles of hard flint, and out of these fashion for themselves solid shields or shells, which they attach to the outside of their bodies, merely leaving narrow grooves and dots of the membrane free from the dense investment, that the liquid nourishment may there still flow through. These flinty shields are so indestructible that they may be boiled in aquafortis, and will come out from the ordeal only the more perfect and clear. Time seems to possess scarcely any power over their forms, for beds of them many feet thick are found lying where they must have been deposited by lakes that have been dried up for thousands of years. Many of them are embossed and worked over by very beautiful ridges, arranged in symmetrical patterns. There are shields of some of the diatoms known as *naviculae*, which are quite invisible to the unaided eye, and which appear only as thin films, without any discernible tracings upon them, when magnified 150,000 times. But when the magnifying power is increased to some million and a half of times, the film is seen to be entirely hatched over by obliquely crossing lines, like those which engravers execute in producing shadows upon their work. When the amplifying power is raised to four millions of times—for the instruments of modern days can accomplish even this wonderful feat when wielded by skilful hands—those lines themselves are resolved into rows of projecting beads ranged side by side, each separate from its neighbour, and each distinctly raised from the general surface of the silicious film. But each one of these beads must be formed of myriad particles, in their turn quite invisible, even when increased by optical power to four millions of times more than their proper dimensions. There is an infinity in littleness as well as in vastness, at least so far as the capacities of the human lenses are concerned.

These surprising little objects discovered by microscopical research at the bottom of still pools of water, and in other convenient situations, are, then, really living creatures, as wonderfully perfect after their kind as lordly man is after his kind. Each one is an *organ* or instrument, accomplishing important work by

the transformation of dead matter into its own living structure, and by the production of generations of bodies like to itself, which are to take its place in the scheme of nature, when its frame has been swept away from the scene; hence these lowly receptacles of life are termed *organisms*; and still further to distinguish them from more complex efforts of creation, they are expressively designated *single-celled organisms*. As each cell or vesicle is an organism, so each organ is complete in a single cell. But having determined the fact, that these simple bodies are living organisms, there still remains for consideration the question of what *kind* the life is that they possess. Are they merely single-celled plants vegetating in the water? or are they single-celled animals, endowed with the higher privileges of vitality? This problem has proved a somewhat knotty one to solve. The observers who have studied the diatoms and desmids, the most carefully during the last few years, have waged a fierce war over their unconscious forms. Ehrenberg, with a small band of gallant allies, has, on the one hand, claimed them on behalf of the animal tribes, only conceding that they may be designated *animalcules* on account of their microscopic dimensions. He maintains that he has seen them put forth and draw back retractile limbs; that he has watched them while performing distinct acts of locomotion; and that he has fed them with indigo, and noticed the food disappearing into open mouths. Nägeli and Siebold, on the other hand, with a more imposing array of supporters, insist that they are not even animalcules, but only plants; and that the retractile limbs and swallowing mouths of Ehrenberg are merely extraneous particles of solid matter quivering before the alternating currents of liquid setting into and out from the permeable tracts of absorbing membrane. Before we attempt, Jove-like, to hold the scales for these contending heroes, we purpose to shift our position a little, in order that we may perform the service circumspectly, and with a firm and safe support beneath our feet. It will not do, in this iron age, for an arbiter of destiny to stand upon the clouds.

If a careful search is made among the fronds of duck-weed growing in turbid water, instead of in the clear pools in which the diatoms abound, a small speck of transparent jelly-like substance may often be detected clinging to the surface of the green leaves. When this speck is submitted to microscopic scrutiny, it is found to consist of a little bag of limp membrane, containing a quantity of fluid inside. It is, in fact, a vesicle, but it is a vesicle of a very curious kind. Instead of being rigid, and wearing a fixed form, like the diatoms already considered, it is soft and yielding everywhere, and it is every moment altering its shape. Now, it looks like a round ball; now, a little projection is pushed out on one side, like the finger of a glove—the ball rolls after this, and a new finger points in another direction, and the ball is resolved into an altogether grotesque and indescribable object, unlike any other creature discoverable beneath the sun. This very odd concern is called the *amæba* (the 'always changing,' from the Greek word for 'to change'). It also is really a living vesicle; it is a single-celled organism, like the diatoms, but it is unlike the diatoms or the desmids in this particular: it possesses the power of bending, and folding, and rolling its own thin membrane about, which they never do. It moves about, indeed, habitually in search of its food, and it carries on its search in this way: it sets up a current or stream of liquid in its inside, in some definite direction, and before this current its thin membrane is pouched out; the body then falls over after the pouch, and yet another pouch projects. If, during this progress, the point of the pouch gets at any time into contact with a morsel of appropriate substance fit to serve as food, the limp membrane folds itself completely round it, and thus forms a sort of

interior *sac*. It makes, in fact, an extemporaneous stomach, and in this the morsel is digested or dissolved. The dissolved material is then absorbed through the membrane, as any other liquid might be; and the stomach, having accomplished its work, is unfolded to become skin again. Thus the *amæba* furnishes the curious spectacle of a living creature rolled along in search of its food, by means of internal streams that push its limp skin before them. It is, in fact, a living vesicle, furnished with locomotive powers, and travelling about in search of food, instead of merely absorbing what chances to come into contact with its skin, as is the case with the diatoms. Now, this locomotive cell is unquestionably an *animal organism*: it certainly belongs to Ehrenberg's animalcule tribe. It is in the scale of animate creation what, in all probability, the diatoms and their congeners are in the vegetable creation. It is the radical member of society in his animated garb, as the diatom is in his vegetative form. The primitive organism of animal life is a limp, restless, changeable structure. The primitive organism of vegetable life is a rigid, changeless, and immovable structure. The soft, unarmed *amæba* is the type of one, and the stiff, mailed diatom is the type of the other. Free mobility in the membrane of the vesicle at once marks it as belonging to the animal domain. The mere power of moving from place to place is not sufficient for the purpose, for vegetable cells often do change their position under especial circumstances; but when they do so, they move, as a whole, without bending or altering their shapes, as the *amæba* has been described to do. It may also be added, that when vegetable cells travel, they never avoid obstacles that chance to be in their way: they go on in straight lines, until they knock against some rock ahead, and they then stick there, without any attempt to extricate themselves from the difficulty. Animalcules, on the other hand, steer themselves adroitly round whatever chances to lie across their path. Animalcules are locomotive by design and through intent, but vegetable cells are never locomotive excepting from some extraneous or accidental influence.

Some very curious forms occur among the active animalcules, which, at the first glance, appear to be wide departures from the simple vesicular type of being instanced in the *amæba*, but which are really, after all, very slight deviations from that condition. These animalcules look like bags with open mouths, instead of being closed bladders, and they take their food into their interior cavities by an apparent act of swallowing, and retain it there until digested. In these cases, however, the interior cavity is merely a fold or pouch of the general surface thrust inwards. If, when the *amæba* has folded its membranous wall round some morsel of food, it were permanently to retain the form it had thus taken, leaving an open mouth where the inward folding occurred, it would exactly represent the state of the bag-animalcules. Some of those creatures, indeed, have been turned inside out—the skin being made to take the place of stomach, and the stomach of skin, and no harm has resulted to their economy.

We have now shewn that the little vesicular bodies we have been contemplating are living structures: they prove themselves to be living by the performance of five distinct and wonderful operations, which dead matter can never accomplish: they select certain nutritious principles that are suitable for employment or building purposes; they transform these principles into membrane like that of which they are themselves composed; they appropriate this membrane to the enlargement of their own bodies; they vitalise it at the same time—that is, they enable each addition made forthwith to take upon itself the same selecting, transforming, and vitalising functions; and they multiply their forms by falling to pieces, and contributing each piece as the foundation of a new growing organism,

capable of becoming in every respect like to themselves. All these five things every little diatom, every ameba, every individual of an allied host of creatures, is able of itself to perform. As, therefore, these microscopically minute bladders must be assumed to be the *radical*, or, to use a synonymous term, the *primitive* form of living structure—we can hardly conceive any other form either smaller or simpler—we are in a position to state that the radical or primitive attributes of life, those characteristics by which it is distinguished from mere physical existence, are the capacity to select, transform, and vitalise matter, and the capability to extend the dimensions of its own structures, and to reproduce its kind.

But we have yet to make good our assumption, that little living vesicles are radical members of society as well as the radical forms of life. This we shall now be able, in a very few words, to do. If we leave placid pools and stagnant ditches, and attack with our 'prying' instruments the fastnesses of vitality—such noble structures as the trees of the forest and the beasts of the plain—we shall find that they, too, are but heaps of microscopic vesicles: we shall see cells in the green leaf, in the solid wood, in the coursing blood. Man himself is but a pile of vesicles. By the microscope, we detect evidence of their presence in bone, in flesh, in fat, in veins, in skin, in hair, and, in short, in every organ and in every piece of apparatus of his wonderful system. The fact is merely, that in these complex productions of life, the successive generations of vesicles that are formed out of the primary ones, are attached together to build up the several parts of the connected frame, instead of being scattered abroad as a swarm of independent creatures, each being then altered in character and form subsequently to its first construction, to render it suitable for some special purpose in the organisation, or for some particular position in the fabric. All plants, all animals, and even man himself, are made up of multitudes of little vesicles; and of these vesicles each one is a living structure, capable of selecting, appropriating, and vitalising its food, and of growing and reproducing its kind; hence there is in all these creatures a vesicular life, which sustains the life of the individual, and ministers to it, so to speak. This vesicular life is called *organic life*, because it carries on all the work of organisation, and is quite distinct from *animal life*, which is made up of various powers of motion and sensation. Plants possess only organic life. Animal life is the life of the complex individual viewed as a whole, rather than the life of the component cells; still, it is supported through the activities of those cells, and comes to an end the moment the cell activities are stopped; hence the radical form of life is also the radical member of society.

A HINDOO WEDDING:

A RECOLLECTION OF 1805.

It is well known in England that the Hindoos marry or are betrothed very young; and also, that the fair sex is so confined to the house, that the young women, after they are ten or twelve years of age, see no male persons, not even their own brothers. The houses of wealthy persons are all constructed so that they have no windows that look into the streets, but are built in squares, the windows looking into the interior. The only entrance is by one large gate, where the *doorwan*, or porter, sits night and day, for he eats, drinks, and sleeps inside the gate; and when he has occasion to go to the river to bathe, and say his prayers—which he does regularly every morning—he is relieved by a trustworthy person, so that no one can go in or out without the fact being known. All Europeans of any note also keep a *doorwan*, who, when any stranger goes into the house, calls after him: '*Bhar Ca—Sahib, iah,*

chubber, di joe;' that is, to inform the servants of the house that a stranger gentleman has gone in, and to let the master know. By this, you will see the place is strictly guarded; and it is very difficult to get in, except at the Durga Poojah, and other great holidays, when three sides of the house are opened to strangers, and the women of the family removed to the *zenana*, or the side of the square opposite the gate, the windows of which are generally glazed with ground-glass, that gives light, but cannot be seen through. The great baboos have their children betrothed when very young, and as they are never allowed to see strangers, the father looks out for suitable matches for them; the mothers are out of the question, for they see no person but their husbands or servants. The fathers, when they have sons or daughters come to the age of betrothal, which is generally when the boy is twelve, and the girl eight or nine, look out for a match for them in some respectable family of their *own caste*, and who can likewise give a suitable portion with their children. There are also female agents, or match-makers, who go about under pretence of selling fine dresses, clothing, or trinkets, and who make a profitable trade in looking out for good-looking girls, and recommending them to the mothers who have sons come of age. After they have made an eligible match, the fathers make a bargain for the sums that each is to give to the children to set up housekeeping, and fix the time when the wedding is to take place. To make the arrangement sure, a native *wakeel*, or lawyer, is employed to draw up the deed, with a penalty in case of failure. When the wedding is to take place—that is, when the young couple are to live together, which is, generally, when the boy is eighteen, and the girl fourteen—all their male relations and acquaintances are told there will be a great *tamassa*,* or procession at the wedding, and they are invited to attend. If the boy's father is rich, he will spend a great deal of money on this fortunate occasion.

I remember, in 1805, a very rich baboo, with whom I had frequent dealings, and who made all his money by trading with Europeans, having a grand *tamassa* at his son's wedding, which lasted three days. There was a gorgeous procession through the streets of Calcutta during that time, at which not less than 1000 hired persons assisted; and besides other devices, there was a large mountain made of bamboos and paper, on which were placed numbers of trees and bushes, with wild animals and birds, from the elephant and tiger to the squirrel and mouse, and from the cassowary (the Indian ostrich) to the wren—all made of the same material, and painted to the life. This was carried through the streets on the heads of probably not less than a hundred men, a curtain hanging down to prevent the bearers from being seen. A guard of a hundred men in uniform went before, and the same number followed, all with imitation muskets on their shoulders, covered with gun-cases of red and yellow cloth, and intermixed with numerous bands of drums (tom-toms) and other instruments. The bridegroom in his *palkee*, finely dressed in gold embroidered muslins, carried by four men, and the girl in her *dowlah*, closely covered up with cloth, followed close in the rear, guarded on each side by a number of men dressed as *sepoys*. I think the procession was a quarter of a mile long in the broad streets, and half a mile long in the narrow streets, where the black population live. After much show and parade of this kind for three days, it was intimated when the marriage-ceremony was to take place; and as there is often a great deal of money given away among the poor at this time, there is always a great attendance of such wedding-guests. The marriage-ceremony is performed in the square of the father's house by a Brahmin of high caste, who pronounces

* *Tamassa* means a great deal of fun.

an elaborate harangue on the good qualities of the bridegroom's and bride's father; then on those of the bride and bridegroom themselves; and then a prayer that they may prosper, multiply, and replenish the earth, there being great mourning in the house if there are no children even in the first year.

The time is now come when the bridegroom first sees his bride. They having been placed in their palkees under the zenana—that side of the square where none of the company are—the bride is closely covered up in her dowlah, and the Brahmin, holding a looking-glass in his hand, gently opens the cloth, and, holding the mirror in front of the bride, desires the bridegroom to look in it, and say whether he is satisfied to take this lady for his wife. If he says Yes, then the ceremony goes on, and is concluded with a grand invocation to the gods, ending with a great huzza, and mighty drumming of the tom-toms. During the noise, there is generally a scramble in the streets for money, which is scattered to the poor. The company then disperse; the square is searched by the doorwans; the door is locked; and the next day that part of the town is as quiet as if nothing had happened. But if, on the fateful question being put, the bridegroom says No—a thing which rarely occurs—then there is a stop put to the whole proceedings; the company is dismissed, and the girl taken home to her father, who returns the duplicate of the marriage-deed. I have only to add, that it is not easy for a stranger to get in to see one of these marriages. I happened to have a Brahmin of high caste as a writer in my office, who went with me on the occasion referred to, and he had only to hold up his finger to the doorwan to procure my admission. I threw the doorwan a rupee as I passed, which I knew was expected. There were a number of Europeans there, but as they were all dressed in white cloths, with hats off, they attracted little observation.

JOTTINGS FROM THE CAPE.

THAT the columns of a newspaper, when read with due appreciation, may be used as a storehouse of information concerning the usages and general progress of society, is an opinion we have before expressed, and endeavoured to illustrate, in a short article a few months ago.* Of course, the home and foreign news, the debates, the markets, the meetings, the 'leaders,' the 'court circular,' the opening of new railways and the launching of new ships, the making of monster wire-ropes and the laying down of interminable electric-telegraphs, the bankruptcies and insolvencies, the theatres, the concerts, the Exhibitions, the strikes, the lock-outs, the new patents, the scientific discoveries—these not only tell of the progress of society, but they are the best register of such progress. It is not of this, the main body of newspaper matter, we speak, but of the advertisements, the voluntary announcements of those who, for the most part, do one of three things—offer commodities in exchange for money, offer services in exchange for money, or offer money in exchange for services and commodities.

We have before us the *Mercantile Advertiser*, or *Shopkeepers' Journal*, a newspaper published at the Cape of Good Hope on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. It is one of those journals which are maintained chiefly by the money received from the advertisers; it is distributed gratuitously in Cape Town, on board ships in Table Bay, and at Rondebosch, Mowbray, Claremont, Wynberg, Simon's Town, Stellenbosch, and Paarl—all places near Cape Town; while it is distributed in the country districts of the colony at a charge of 1d. per number—intended, apparently, to cover the expense of conveyance. Our

number is of the date February 1, 1854; but there is no reason for believing that this differs in character from any other which might have fallen to hand. There are six pages of tolerably large, but, as is frequently the case in colonial newspapers, very thin paper.

The first fact which strikes the eye is, that many of the advertisements are in Dutch; while some are printed in two different parts of the paper, one in English and one in Dutch. This gives a significant reminder of the nature of the population. We know that after the Portuguese had discovered the Cape of Good Hope—the 'Cabo Tormentoso' of Bartholomew Diaz—the Dutch effected a settlement there about the middle of the seventeenth century. They easily mastered the mild and timid Hottentots, and gradually extended their settlements into the interior. Thus matters remained until 1795, when the English captured Cape Town; at the Peace of Amiens, it was restored to the Dutch; but in 1806 the English again took it, and it has ever since remained in our possession. The Dutch settlers have not been disturbed in their holdings, except by Caffre inroads; and a mingled society has grown up, in which the English and Dutch elements take part. In all probability, the two nationalities remain distinct, under circumstances where good-fellowship would advocate a closer union; but still it cannot be otherwise than that commercial and social relations must spring up in a colony so situated.

The shipping advertisements are certain to occupy a prominent position in a Cape Town newspaper, situated as the colony is on the high-road from the Atlantic to India and Australia. There is an Australian screw advertised, as about to drop in on its homeward trip; and there are many of the steady-going, old-fashioned Indianmen, such as were built before these our clipper-days. There are ships, too, bound for Melbourne and the Diggings. A circumstance of much local interest, is the establishment of routes to South African ports of which we have only a slight knowledge in England. There is one ship, for instance, to Mossel Bay; another, to Port Elizabeth; a third, to East London; a fourth, to Port Natal; while St Helena and Ascension Island, in their Atlantic loneliness, have a sprinkling of ships from the Cape.

The general dealers have, of course, their miscellaneous advertisements, relating to miscellaneous assortments of goods. A little of the quackery and puffery style has crept into South Africa, though far below the level in this respect of the 'old country' and of the United States. We here copy from the *Tri-states Union*—a weekly newspaper, published in one of the country districts of New York state—an advertisement from a general dealer, which throws into the shade all Cape Town advertisements:—'Bennett deals in any and every thing. If you want a good coat, he can shew you one cheap. If you want a hat or cap, he is at hand. Boots and shoes—his stock is complete. Family groceries and good flour is what he prides himself on selling low. Butter always on hand; and if you are out of potatoes, he has got them. In fact, he has the goods just what you want; and he wants to sell 'em. So call.—There is a grandeur of decision about this, which no inferior genius could arrive at. Nevertheless, the Cape Town advertisers know how to announce their goods to the best advantage. It is, however, more interesting to note the different character of the goods received from England and from America. One dealer announces for sale, as recent arrivals, pianofortes, oil-man's stores, ale and porter, fish-sauce, crushed and loaf sugar, Price's patent candles and night-lights, soap, leather, Blucher-boots, ironmongery, iron bedsteads, plated ware, patent fuel, paints and varnishes, doekins and vestings—a miscellaneous lot, truly! An American assortment, advertised by another dealer, is also miscellaneous; but it is noteworthy in respect to the eatables, and to the large number of manufactures

* 'The Columns of Society,' No. 522, C. E. J., p. 420.

in wood which it comprises, quite a characteristic in some of the states of America:—Prime and mess pork, hams, oysters, and peaches, cheese and butter, common and Baltimore chairs, cane and wood-seat chairs, pails and tubs, axes and axe-handles, hatchets, reaping-machines and ploughs, pipe and hoghead staves, lower and top mast spars, flooring-boards and planks, wooden houses and stores. Many such advertisers are, of course, consignees, who dispose of everything which the ships bring over, without confining their attention to any one kind in particular. Some, however, deal in one class of commodity chiefly—grocery in one case, drapery in another, glass and earthenware in a third, wine and spirits in another, chandlery in another—millinery, bricks, tobacco, toys and bijouterie, paper-hangings, tea, hats, furniture, coffee, steel, pine-apples, ostrich feathers, all succeed each other in a strange jumble, very little attempt being made to classify the advertisements.

It is observable that the Dutch advertisements relate for the most part to country matters—sales of farming-stock; and so forth. This is consistent with the nature of the population; for the shopkeepers in the towns are English rather than Dutch, whereas the farmers in the country are Dutch rather than English. There is some landed property to be sold at Swellendam, and this is advertised both in English and in Dutch; the 'valuable landed property' in the one language is the 'kostbaar vastgoed' in the other; the 'dwelling-house,' and 'het woonhuis'; the 'water-mill,' and 'de watermolen'; the 'splendid garden and vineyard,' and the 'prachtigen tuin en wyngaard'; the 'other articles too numerous to mention,' and the 'andere artikelen te veel om te melden'; and so forth. The landed estates, farms, and houses in the country, are advertised in some considerable number; while the 'extra fat sheep,' 'fat and heavy slaughter-oxen,' 'very fat sheep and goats,' 'very fat slaughter and draught oxen,' and 'extra fat wethers,' shew that livestock is reared in considerable abundance.

In Cape Town, and in the towns generally, the masters and mistresses who seem to require workmen and servants, exceed in number the workmen and servants who require masters and mistresses—a hopeful fact for emigrants, it would appear. 'Eligible cottages,' and 'comfortable board and lodging,' are to be met with at Cape Town as well as in the mother-country. There are not many pleasures, however, for pleasure-seekers. For an admission-fee of 1s., we can see the 'American Patent Sewing-machine,' which is to be exhibited for a few days preparatory to its employment in tailoring. We can attend an organ performance of sacred music.* But there are fewer exhibitions and entertainments advertised than is customary in our colonies; and we have been recently informed, that there is much want of pleasant sociable recreation at Cape Town.

Local politics, as may be supposed, occupy a portion of the advertising columns. We learn in another part of the paper, that an election is going on; and in the advertisements one of the candidates is thrust forward as follows: 'The Conquering Hero, Vigne, has beaten every candidate at the poll into immortal smash, and he is now sure of coming in with the largest suffrage, upwards of 600 votes. Vote for Vigne. (What a Sell!!!)' How to interpret the last three words, we know not: perhaps they contain a bit of satire. There must be something like satire, too, in the following: 'It is admired by all the neighbours at Mowbray, how healthy and fat Mr Caffin and his family have got since

he came to live at the back of a butcher's shop at Mowbray. They are surprised that he should complain of nuisance, when he has got so healthy and fat with the smell of it.—N.B. A very healthy spot.' There is another advertiser, a shopkeeper, who heads his advertisement, 'Everting Hyperbole.' Whether this is a combination of Nigger with Greek, we cannot say; but the advertisement itself is a magniloquent announcement of Refrigerating Zephyrs, at 10s.—'under a good faith assurance, that the nominated garment is at least equal in style, finish, and material to any summer garb heretofore sold in this colony for 15s.'

There is one advertisement which sounds very much like the runaway-slave notifications met with in another region. It purports that, on a certain day, there absconded 'a South African Der Mozambique boy, with large eyes, has a fine mouth, and is about four feet high, answering to the name of FLIP. Had on a painted (green) canvas hat, a black summercloth jacket, and a pair of leather trousers; was last seen near Hardekraaltje, on the main road. All persons kindly requested to lodge him in the nearest jail, and to give notice to the undersigned. Any one harbouring him will be prosecuted.' We are not aware that any kind of slavery exists in Cape Colony; and therefore it is probable that little Flip with the painted hat had done something wrong, and, to escape punishment, had absented himself without leave. Mozambique, it may be observed, is a Portuguese settlement on the east coast of Africa, inhabited by Portuguese, half-castes, or creoles—Banyans from Hindostan, free coloured persons, and slaves; but these slaves, we presume, would not be such on British territory.

The Cape wine, which we bolster up by imposing heavy duties upon better wine from other places, is an object of some importance to the colony. Many of the advertisements relate to vineyards; one of them announces the sale of a vineyard having 30,000 vines in luxurious growth.

These matters are perhaps small in themselves, but they are not without value, in so far as they illustrate life at the Cape.

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

WHATEVER we may think of other campaigns, the literary campaign this season has certainly been an unsuccessful one. We have been all absorbed in reading newspapers, and have found enough to do to understand their contradictory narratives. The suspicion that language *was*, after all, given to man for the purpose of concealing the truth, has forced itself on many a mind, and may help to account for the fact, that men of the pen are now set aside for men of the sword. Books, at anyrate, have given way to battles; and authors who were beginning to acquire quite a status in society, venturing even to make love to real ladies of the world, are now once more repulsed in the direction of Grub Street. The red coat and the epaulette carry all before them; and if we scribes intend to earn a living, we shall be obliged, for several years, to make our style bristle with bayonets, and to substitute cannon-balls for full stops. There will be great competition, however. We learn that some seventy officers in the Eastern army alone are keeping journals, with a view to publication. Let the Queen's English take care of itself.

Meanwhile, our library shelves are already filling with warlike publications. Scarcely a day passes that some fresh work does not make its appearance. Old

* We are reminded that 'those who have visited the Tea-gardens at Little Paradise should do so again; those who have not, should do so now, whilst it is in its glory.' (We must remember that January and February occur in the South African summer.) 'Passengers, pleasure and wedding parties, will find this the only place where they can enjoy themselves in the open air, free of sun, wind, and dust, during the summer months.'

volumes are reprinted; new ones are hastily thrust through the press. Forgotten articles in magazines are dug up, and forced to do duty again in glossy covers—veterans in a modern uniform; every man who has once written on Turkish affairs, thinks it incumbent on him to write again; every man who has spent a few days in the East, or passed a week or two in the North, hastens to relate his experiences and explain his policy. Admirals and generals will be much to blame if they do not know what to do—if Cronstadt be not pulverised, and Sebastopol devastated with fire and sword.

Perhaps one of the most interesting contributions to the literature of the war, is one that was not meant as such—namely, the Baron von Haxthausen's work upon Transcaucasia, describing the nations and races between the Black Sea and the Caspian to the south of Circassia. Although the writer has a strong bias in favour of Russia, his opinions seem to be honestly given; and his statements, when justified by his own observation, bear the stamp of accuracy. Of the hatred of the Circassians to their Russian rulers, he makes no disguise. So strong is this feeling, that all matrimonial alliances between the two people are looked upon with horror, the Circassian girl preferring slavery to marriage with the Cossack. Now that the independence of Circassia is becoming a question of policy, not unlikely, perhaps, to receive a speedy solution, such information as that which the Baron von Haxthausen imparts, assumes double interest and importance in whatever light considered. With the exception of this class of works, however, there is, as we have said, little other literary activity visible. The increasing price of paper no doubt checks many speculations, though it ought to have but a moderate effect on the book-trade. However, it is certain that what is called 'the season,' has been shorn of at least two good months; and they say that there is not the slightest hope of any revival of business until the end of autumn. At the same time it is worth observing, that in practice the publishing year has ceased to be divided, properly speaking, into seasons. Setting aside the disturbing influence of the war, the book-buying public is quite as ready to purchase now as at any other period. The general diffusion of a taste for literature among classes not migratory, who remain all the year round in London, taking weekly trips only to Brighton, Hastings, Margate, or Gravesend, during the hot weather, is sufficient to account for this change.

Meanwhile, literary men are, of course, working actively whilst waiting for a demand. Mr Thackeray was last heard of under the shadow of Vesuvius, diligently plying the pen; Mr Macaulay is studying Dr Sacheverell and the bed-chamber intrigue for the new volumes of his history; Mr Hallam is adding new notes to his historical works; Rogers, the veteran poet, is engaged in a somewhat similar occupation; Lord Mahon has just completed the seventh and last volume of his *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles*; Mr Wilson Croker is still occupied in preparing a new edition of the works of Pope, and has just come into possession of an unpublished 'character' of the Duke of Marlborough, intended to have been introduced into the *Moral Essay on the Use of Riches*. Such are some of the items of intelligence in circulation from the Republic of Letters, where also there is talk of a new novel or novels by Victor Hugo—for which a sum of L.5000 has been offered and refused.

Among the books that have been published with more or less success during the month, may be mentioned M. Lamartine's *Memoirs of Celebrated Characters*. The author intimates that this is his last work, and that he will now withdraw, as did Bellini, whilst yet his voice has power. We confidently expect, however,

some 'more last words;' and, indeed, should regret to see the parting work of so great a man so far beneath his best performances. M. de Lamartine says: 'We have formerly sung the poet's language for the idle and the happy of earth; we have since spoken the language of orators in the tribune, and of statesmen among the storms of the Republic: more humble to-day, and perhaps more useful, we blush not to learn the phraseology which reaches the intellect through the heart, to be simple with the simple, and childlike with children.'

The reader might expect from this, that the work in question would be distinguished by greater simplicity of style than characterises M. de Lamartine's previous productions. But this is far from the case: while there is less picturesqueness, less truthful eloquence, than in his former works, there is a greater profusion of unnecessary ornament, antithesis, and glittering verbosity. The portraits he presents us with are distortions; their features are overlaid with touches which may give a certain kind of dramatic effect, but which destroy all reality. We scarcely recognise even familiar historical acquaintances in the strange garb in which M. de Lamartine has arrayed them. Throughout there is a great straining after originality, and the effort is to some extent successful; but it is not a satisfactory success. We are more startled than pleased, more offended than convinced. We learn that Cromwell was 'a fanatic, led away by a miasma;' that Milton was also a 'fanatic,' and the accessory to a 'cold-blooded murder;' that Socrates was 'inspired with the disinterested and divine passion of improving others,' exhibiting, however, 'little sympathy with human nature.'

M. de Lamartine professes to be aware of the responsibility attaching to the task he has undertaken, but it is a responsibility which never appears to weigh very heavily upon him. He disregards established authorities, and adopts those which are more than apocryphal; he passes judgment off-hand, though we see well he has not sufficiently weighed the evidence, or considered his opinion. No wonder, then, that we should dispute his sentence, and question his decrees. Midway between fact and fiction, these memoirs may take their stand awhile in contemporary literature, but in the realm of sober historical biography, we predict that they will find no permanent place.

In the *Memoirs of the Life of Amelia Opie*, selected and arranged from her letters, diaries, and other manuscripts, by Cecilia Lucy Brightwell, we are presented with an unpretending, but exceedingly interesting account of the life of a good-hearted clever woman, whose reminiscences take us back into another generation, amid persons and events that have become historical. Amelia Alderson—such was Mrs Opie's maiden name—was the daughter of a physician, and was born at Norwich in 1769. While yet a mere girl, only fifteen years of age, her mother died, and the future authoress became the head of her father's household—a position which tended to develop the peculiar and rather precocious tastes and talents she possessed. Her first literary productions were simple ballad-songs, which she learned to sing with a pathos that melted the hearts of all hearers. Afterwards conceiving a passion for the drama, she wrote a tragedy, the merits of which were tested with success by a private performance, in which she herself took part. It was doubtless owing to this predilection for the drama that she became acquainted with the Kemble family, with whom she formed a close friendship. A few years after the production of her tragedy, she visited London, was introduced into various literary circles, and formed an intimacy with Opie the painter, whom she married in 1798. For some time she found it convenient to follow literature as a profession; writing several successful novels, and some sketches of Paris, which city, shortly after her union, she visited with her husband. Upon his death, in 1807, Mrs Opie left the gay world in which she had

for some time been living, and sought the seclusion of her native city. There she employed herself in preparing her husband's lectures for the press, and in other literary occupations, occasionally disturbing the calm of this existence by visits to London, and to her literary friends. In 1824, influenced, doubtless, by Elizabeth Fry, with whom she was acquainted, Mrs Opie formed the resolution, strange for a woman so full of vivacity and cleverness, and so fond of animated life—of joining the Society of Friends; and in 1825, she was formally admitted into that religious denomination. Although, until the end of her days, she remained a member of the sect, and frequently seemed restrained by her self-imposed fetters, she paid two visits to Paris, and occasionally re-appeared amidst the gay society from which she had banished herself. Although censured by some of the more strict among the body to which she belonged, her acknowledged goodness of heart shielded her almost completely from animadversion. Dying serenely, at a great age, only a few months ago, she left a name fondly endeared to a numerous circle of friends by the many acts of kindness with which it was associated. The book is highly interesting, as presenting us with the portrait of an amiable and talented woman, whose life and character shew us many remarkable contrasts. Almost equally interesting, too, are the anecdotes of the notabilities with whom Mrs Opie was acquainted, and which include the names of Sir Walter Scott, Madame de Staël, Byron, Sheridan, Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, Northcote the painter, and many others.

There are two other books recently published, likely to be interesting to the respective classes to which they are addressed. The first is M. Van de Veld's *Travels in Palestine*, in which the author, not very successfully, attacks M. de Sauley's alleged discoveries near the shores of the Dead Sea; and the second, Sir Henry Bunbury's *Narratives of some Passages in the Great War with France*, containing much valuable information, and several piquant sketches of celebrated characters—as Sir Sydney Smith, Sir Ralph Abercromby, &c. The tendency of the writer is rather to depreciate our favourite heroes, and he contrives to represent the defender of St Jean d'Acre in somewhat a ridiculous light. It is to be hoped that he is not actuated by any feelings of jealousy or disappointment.

THE STUDIO.

The opening of the Crystal Palace is an event in the history of art, the importance of which it would be difficult to overestimate. There, in one fairy building, recalling the glittering palaces of our dreams, are accumulated the richest treasures of the past—the most graceful forms of beauty that the genius of man has called into being—the art-records of every age and of every country, for the world to read and ponder on. It is not too much to predict, that an Art Museum of such resources will elong be the means of purifying and elevating the public taste, and of creating a love for the beautiful amongst those to whom such an emotion had been previously unknown. The Crystal Palace may be looked upon as a great school in which many will learn much; all, something. Such a spectacle of beauty will refine, to a certain extent, even the coarsest mind. It will awaken new thoughts, new emotions. It will yield a pure and satisfying pleasure, such as, perhaps, hundreds who throng its courts would have deemed themselves incapable of experiencing. It may not make us all artists; but it will make us lovers of art. It will become the great studio, where, amid the master-pieces of Phidias, of Praxiteles, of Buonarrotti, and of the gifted of all time, the sculptor may for ever learn new lessons in his art, and the mere spectator find unceasing pleasure. A sight of the well-displayed statues of the Crystal Palace has, however, one disadvantage—it recalls in full force to

our recollection the miserable accommodation afforded to the same branch of art at the Royal Academy. How much longer will that august body be pleased to shew the works of our sculptors in such a dismal, dreary cellar, when a few pounds, judiciously spent, might at least allow a little daylight to enter the cheerless cavern? Since the opening of the Crystal Palace, this subject has been much discussed. It is to be hoped that something will be done in the matter ere long.

At length the 'finest site in Europe' has received the concluding addition to its attractions. The last of the bass-reliefs of the Nelson Column has been added to that structure, the subject being Nelson receiving the sword of the commander of the *San Josef*. The figures are bold and masterly, and the whole effect is striking. The number of years which have been consumed in the erection of this Column, induced at one time a belief that only to another generation would be accorded the pleasure of seeing it completed. As an additional proof of the active vitality of the government, I may mention that preparations are being made for restoring the public monuments in Westminster Abbey at the nation's expense. A grant of £5000 has been made for the purpose; and operations, under the superintendence of Mr Scott, the architect of the Abbey, are to be immediately commenced. In the present state of public affairs, with a war which is the huge apologist for all kinds of neglect, it is gratifying to find government mindful of a duty so likely at such a time to escape their attention.

Some little alarm has of late pervaded artistic circles, owing to the arrival in London of Dr Waagen, at the invitation of Prince Albert, for the purpose, as was rumoured, of taking first command at the National Gallery. Dr Waagen is the director of the Royal Gallery of Pictures at Berlin, and is the author of a work upon the *Treasures of Art in Great Britain*, which, despite several errors that are discoverable in its pages, is a valuable and interesting addition to the branch of literature to which it belongs. Although Dr Waagen is acknowledged to be a man of great ability, it was scarcely credited by the more reflective, that he had been invited here by the Prince to take an office which he could not have held without giving umbrage to the national feeling; and this view of the case has proved to be correct. Dr Waagen, we are told on authority, is here simply for the purpose of classifying and cataloguing the collection of early German art, the property of Prince Louis d'Ottingen Wallerstein, at Kensington Palace.

It may be mentioned as almost a new feature in this age, distinguishing it from the past, that few men of note are allowed to pass away without some visible monument being soon raised to their memory. James Montgomery, our latest loss, is to have a bronze statue erected to him at Sheffield, his native place. A committee is now conducting the preliminary proceedings. A statue of another Sheffield poet, Ebenezer Elliot, is also just completed. The work has been executed by Mr Burnard, a young sculptor of great promise, and possesses considerable merit. It is to be sent to its destination immediately. A somewhat novel monument to James Watt—to whom the world is so largely indebted—has been projected by Mr John Gray, a very energetic member of the Watt Club at Greenock. Mr Gray proposes to erect on a high rock, near Watt's birthplace, a monument composed of a number of stones, each stone to bear the name of its contributor. A similar tribute to Washington already exists in America. From the favour with which the project has been received—promises of support having already arrived even from Canada—it seems very likely that the plan will be adopted. Perhaps the proposal to give such marked prominence to the names of the donors is injudicious. It may be seized on as a means of

advertisement; and, at any rate, looks like a bait to catch contributors. Many people are ready to commemorate themselves whilst pretending to commemorate others.

Marlborough House has added another very interesting feature to the already large collection it possesses—consisting of various specimens of arms, swords, pistols, daggers, breastplates, Damascus and Toledo blades, arabesque shields, brassards, battle-axes, and other implements of warfare, ancient and modern—the whole having been lent by Her Majesty and Prince Albert. This exhibition, extremely interesting even to the casual visitor, is of the greatest value to the student; or rather will be so when a suitable catalogue and description have been published.

A Report, that has been published by the Department of Science and Art, gives a very satisfactory account of the success of the Schools of Design lately established on the self-supporting system throughout the country. In little more than a year, twenty of these schools have been founded; whereas sixteen years had been found necessary to establish a similar number previously. The practical working of these schools is shewn in the fact, that manufacturers are already availing themselves of the talents of the students, many of whom are young women, to whom a lucrative and elegant means of existence is thus afforded. We do not perhaps properly appreciate the value of this art-movement which is going on, because it is so near to us; but the next generation will have to thank us for introducing a refined taste, and opening up intellectual sources of enjoyment which have always been so much wanted in this country.

HALLUCINATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Spinello, who had painted the Fall of the Angels, thought that he was haunted by the frightful devils which he had depicted. He was rendered so miserable by this hallucination, that he destroyed himself. One of our own artists, who was much engaged in painting caricatures, became haunted by the distorted faces he drew; and the deep melancholy and terror which accompanied these apparitions, caused him to commit suicide. Müller, who executed the copper-plate of the Sixtine Madonna, had more lovely visions. Towards the close of his life, the Virgin appeared to him, and thanking him for the affection he had shewn towards her, invited him to follow her to heaven. To achieve this, the artist starved himself to death. Beethoven, who became completely deaf in the decline of life, often heard his sublime compositions performed distinctly. It is related of Ben Jonson, that he spent the whole of one night in regarding his great toe, around which he saw Tatars, Turks, Romans, and Catholics climbing up, and struggling and fighting. Goethe, when out riding one day, was surprised to see an exact image of himself on horseback, dressed in a light-coloured coat, riding towards him.—*Radcliffe's Fiends, Ghosts, and Sprites.*

BRANDY ON THE MOUNTAINS.

It is astonishing the effect produced by spirits upon persons of even the strongest constitution, when indulged in at an elevation of 10,000 or 12,000 feet. I have had opportunities of observing this; and Captain S— informed me, that at 10,000 feet it is perfectly dangerous to take any quantity of raw spirit, as even half a wine-glass of brandy produces intoxication. I would recommend all hill-travellers to drink nothing but hot tea; for travelling up mountains and down valleys, across bridges of very questionable security, requires a firm and steady nerve, which it is impossible for those who indulge freely in the use of spirits to retain long in the snowy regions.—*James's Volunteer's Scramble.*

'LAUNCH OF THE ROYAL ALBERT.'

A correspondent informs us that a mistake has crept into the above article: that the actual length of the *Royal Albert* is 272 feet, and that of the *Duke of Wellington* 270 feet.

THE SEA-SHORE.

MOURN on, mourn on, O solitary sea!

I love to hear thy moan,
The world's lament attuned to melody,
In thy undying tone;
Lo! on the yielding sand I lie alone,
And the white cliffs around me draw their screen,
And part me from the world. Let me disown
For one short hour its pleasure and its spleen,
And wrapt in dreamy thought, some peaceful moments glean.

No voice of any living thing is near,
Save the wild sea-birds' wail,
That seems the cry of sorrow deep and drear,
That nothing can avail;
Now in the air with broad white wing they sail,
And now, descending, dot the tawny sand,
Now rest upon the waves, yet still their wail
Of bitter sorrow floats toward the land,
Like grief which change of scene is powerless to command.

The sea approaches, with its weary heart
Moaning unquietly;
An earnest grief, too tranquil to depart,
Speaks in that troubled sigh;
Yet its glad waves seem dancing merrily,
For hope from them conceals the warning tone;
Gaily they rush toward the shore—to die,
All their bright spray upon the bare sand thrown,
While still around them wails that sad and ceaseless moan.

And thus it is in life, and in the breast
Gay sparkling hopes arise,
Each one in turn just shews its gleaming crest—
Then falls away, and dies;
On life's bare sands each cherished vision lies,
Numbered with those that will return no more;
There early love—youth's dearly cherished ties—
Bright dreams of fame, lie perished on the shore,
While the worn heart laments what grief can ne'er restore.

Yet still the broken waves retiring strive
Again their crests to rear,
Seeking in sparkling beauty to revive
As in their first career;
They strive in vain—their lustre, bright and clear,
Forsakes them now with earth all dim and stained;
And thus the heart would raise its visions dear,
And shape them new from fragments that remained,
But finds their brightness gone, by earth's cold touch profaned.

Long have I lingered here, the evening fair
In robe of mist draws nigh,
The sinking sea sighs forth its sad despair
More and more distantly;
Hushed is the sea-bird's melancholy cry,
For night approaches with the step of age,
When youth's sharp griefs are softened to a sigh,
And the dim eye afar beholds the page
That holds the records sad of sorrow's former rage.

And nature answers my complaining woe
With her own quiet lore,
Bids me observe the mist ascending slow
From the deserted shore,
And learn that scattered and defiled no more
The fallen waves are wafted to the skies,
That thus the hopes I bitterly deplore,
Though fast they fall before my aching eyes,
Fall but in tears on earth to Heaven unstained to rise.

I. R. V.

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